



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.
JERSEYS AS DAIRY STOCK.

We last week gave some remarks of our own, and extracts from other writers, in regard to Jerseys as dairy stock. The remarks were in reference to what they used to be, and what they might become by proper care in breeding in reference to the dairy requirements.

In this number we call attention to what we consider another race (not breed) of cattle, viz: the Jerseys as Dairy Stock. The great excellence of the Jerseys as butter-makers. They have never been "cracked up" for beef, although they make beef of very excellent quality when fattened. They have never been "cracked up" for work, although they will do as much work as any cattle according to their weight and girth. We have a Jersey bull, five years old, that has done as much work, and will now do as much, as any other animal of his size; and work, too, anywhere you please to put him—in the single yoke alone—in the double yoke with another—in the traces—on the chain, or on the tongue, and at the same time has sired more good butter-makers than any other bull in Maine of any breed or race whatever. After all, they are at present a despised race. The rage for huge piles of beef, and elephantine oxen, produced without reference to cost, leads most people to wag their heads at anything of more humble pretensions—and so the gentle, meek and unpretending Jerseys have to work their way into favor by good works rather than stately looks.

A writer in the *Tribune*, T. M. Stoughton of Greenfield, Mass., bears his testimony in their favor as follows:

"My own experience has been with a herd of cows imported and still owned by Mr. Jonathan Bird of Belleville, N. J. The cows were imported from the Island of Jersey, and selected with particular regard to their milking qualities. The herd came under my care in 1856, with the request from Mr. Bird that I should give them the same care and feed as my native and Ayrshire cows, keeping a careful account of the product of the cows by measurement and weight, so as to be able to determine whether they are a profitable breed for butter making. The account has been kept, and the following statement is offered to the *Tribune* as an answer to its inquiry of, 'What is a good cow?' and in opposition to its opinion that Alderney cows should be kept for 'private family use.'

Cow No. 1 calved in January, 1851; came into my care last May. In June, she made 104 lbs. of butter per week; in July, 104 lbs. per week; in August, 94 lbs. per week; in September, 30 lbs.; October 28, and two weeks in November, 124 lbs.; and calved in December—making 198 lbs. in five months, and was milked four months before she came into my possession.

No. 2 calved in September, 1851, and through the month of October made 144 lbs. of butter per week; in June following, she made 12 lbs. per week; in August, 6 lbs. per week, and calved early in October; making 317 lbs. of butter for the year.

No. 3 was a three years old heifer, calved in September, 1850; in the month of October made 114 lbs. per week; in June following 84 lbs., in August 4 lbs. per week; making 297 lbs. for the year.

No. 4 was a heifer two years old; calved in March, 1858. From the 1st of April to November, she made 200 lbs. of butter. Greatest yield per week, 104 lbs., and made 7 lbs. per week in September.

No. 5, a heifer 18 months old, calved in March, 1858. In the five months following she made 108 lbs. of butter.

The above five are an average of the ten milking cows. Their feed has been pasture only in the summer months; with hay, and two quarts of corn meal and rye middlings, in the winter months. From the above statement it will be seen that the cows which have come to maturity will make 300 pounds of butter per year under favorable circumstances. Alderney butter sells in the different markets of the country from forty to fifty cents per pound. The best dairies of New York and New England do not average over 200 lbs. per cow (native and Durham). The average price of their butter is not over twenty-five cents per pound.

One of the most important peculiarities of the Alderney cow is her uniformity of quantity; making nearly as much butter at the end of eight months after calving as at four. The objections urged against the Alderney cow are, that she is a voracious feeder, lean, awkward in appearance, and will make but little beef when old.

Admitting the Alderney cow to be a pretty sharp feeder, it can hardly be expected that a cow will make from 10 to 14 pounds of first-rate butter by simply standing in a cold stable, and looking at a hay mow, or by shirking round a stock of swamp hay. That she is inclined to be lean is an evidence that she is a good milker; for a cow that secretes fatty matter cannot secrete good milk at the same time without being too high for the permanent good of the cow. If she is ugly to look at, she is a good one to go, for she will be worth \$100, when six months old, especially if a heifer. And after being milked twelve or thirteen years, producing over 3,000 pounds of butter, it is of no great consequence whether she makes 600 or 900 pounds of beef.

Mr. Glenn, a breeder of Jerseys near Baltimore, who has practical experience in the matter, in a communication to the *American Farmer*, also says of them:

"In almost all our books on Cows, the Alderney or Jersey is always mentioned as being the richest milk known. I have never seen a statement showing how rich their milk really is. Supposing that there may be many others in my situation, and thinking that the below may not be entirely uninteresting to yourselves, I take the liberty of enclosing it:

ALDERNEY COW "MILLY,"
Nine years old, six months after calving.
Milked:

Feb. 5,	9 lbs. 9 oz.—7 lbs. 4 oz.—16 lbs. 13 oz.
" 6,	9 " 11 "—8 " 4 "—17 " 15 "
" 7,	10 " 9 "—8 " 15 "—19 " 8 "
" 8,	10 " 4 "—7 " 10 "—17 " 14 "
" 9,	8 " 14 "—8 " 3 "—17 " 1 "
" 10,	10 " 15 "—7 " 3 "—18 " 2 "
" 11,	10 " 11 "—8 " 1 "—18 " 12 "

The above one week's milk, weigh 126 lbs. 1 oz., yielded 27 lbs. 1 oz. cream, and made 9 lbs. 12 oz. butter. To make 1 lb. butter, it required 6 quarts and a little less than 1 pint of milk.

ALDERNEY COW "FANNY,"
Eight years old, one month after calving.
Milked:

July 11,	12 lbs. 14 oz.—14 lbs. 11 oz.—27 lbs. 9 oz.
" 12,	14 " 15 "—9 " 3 "—24 " 2 "
" 13,	14 " 3 "—15 " 6 "—29 " 9 "
" 14,	11 " 14 "—13 " 10 "—25 " 8 "
" 15,	11 " 2 "—15 " 3 "—26 " 5 "
" 16,	16 " 2 "—12 " 9 "—28 " 11 "
" 17,	12 " 0 "—14 " 0 "—26 " 0 "

The above one week's milking, yielded 187 lbs. 12 oz., and measured 904 quarts; yielded 28 lbs. 14 oz. cream, which measured 134 quarts, and made 15 lbs. 15 oz. butter. To make 1 lb. butter required 55 quarts milk, and each quart of cream yielded a fraction less than 1 lb. 3 oz. of butter.

"Fanny" was tried again on one day's milk, July 20th; the milk weighed 29 lbs., and yielded 2 lbs. 9 oz. butter, or at the rate of 17 lbs. 15 oz. per week.

These two cows are the richest milkers out of ten, tested at different times during one week each and at different periods from calving, varying from one to six months. The average of the whole ten was 10 lbs. 34 oz., and the average richness 7 4-5 quarts of milk to the pound of butter."

TIME TO SET GOOSEBERRY AND CURRANT BUSHES.

The gooseberry and currant bushes—the gooseberry especially—put out buds early and the leaf drops early at the close of the season. The branches will shed their leaves soon, if they have not already. As soon as this is done in the fall, if you wish to remove any roots it may be done better than in the spring. If you wish to propagate by slips, it may also be done better in the fall than in spring provided you so protect them by mulching them with litter of some sort to prevent their being thrown out by the frost. Cut off the slips of proper length, and if at the bottom you take a little last year's growth it will be better.

Some cut out every bud but one or two at the top. Set them down so as to leave the top eye out of the ground, and mulch them well and leave them till spring. In the spring, look to them and clear away any rubbish that may have accidentally fallen about them, and they will start early.

ELDERBERRY WINE.

A friend in Stetson wishes us to give a recipe for making Elderberry Wine. The following is a very good method of making wine of these berries, and if he finds on trial that it does well, he may send us over a bottle of his best winter wine and we will drink success forever to him and his elderberry patch.

The berries, when ripe, are first picked by the stems, then stripped with the hand, or trimmed close with shears. Next day they are mashed fine, which can be done by means of a stick in the form of a pestle. Let them remain until the next day, when the juice is pressed out slowly in a cheese press, or any other convenient way. Next boil the juice twenty minutes; skim it, and add four pounds of white sugar to a gallon. When milk-warm, add a small piece of white bread crust that has been dipped in yeast. Let it stand three days; remove the crust, and the wine is ready for bottling.

THE WHEAT CROP IN MAINE.

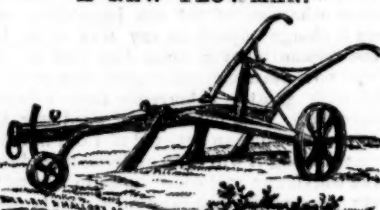
Mr. Editor:—I think it was recently mentioned in the *Farmer*, that there would be but little wheat raised in Maine this season, from the fact that there was but little snow; this is certainly so, but most of those who did venture to commit their seed to the soil, are now liberally rewarded.

In traversing a portion of the State, I have noticed many small wheat-fields, and in all cases where the grain was sown early, the crop was excellent in quantity and quality. One of the finest crops I have seen for many years, was at Moses Chandler's, North Brownville, who called my attention to it while stating that he sowed the 20th of April, and was indebted to an article in the *Farmer* last spring, urging farmers to "sow wheat early" for his success. There were two varieties, *Java* and *Bald*, both of which contained long bright heads, with heavy, plump berries, and free from weeds, except a few late heads, which were half devoured by them. He felt confident that his crop would have been badly injured by weeds had he deferred sowing ten days. I think friend C. and others who adopt the course recommended by our friend "C. S. R." in the *Farmer*, will gain enough to pay their subscription one year at least. May we not hope to see large fields of waving wheat another year; and that the farmers may wax strong while anticipating the "staff of life" for their support, as in former years.

In connection with the wheat crop, my friend Chandler showed me some new Agricultural implements, the result of his genius and labor. Among them a machine for planting and hoeing potatoes, which did the thing in good shape on his grounds, as shown by six acres which had been cultivated entirely with this implement. He is now making some improvements on it previous to exhibition at the State Fair. Another powerful tool of his construction, consists of a double plow or a pair of plows, so arranged that one man can both hold and drive, and ride in the bargain, by having them attached to a pair of wheels. With a team of six mules one can turn over the sod at the rate of 4 or 5 acres per day. There were other labor-saving implements which he found convenient to use on the 280 acres of tillage land under his charge, a portion of which belonged to the Katahdin Iron Co. S. N. T.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night and open them early in the morning.

A NEW PLOWMAN.



As the farmers of Maine are in the habit of doing a large portion of their plowing in the autumn, and if we should have rains soon, to wet the soil sufficiently to enable them to do it easily, will soon be engaged more or less in that business, we introduce to their notice a new Plowman, which recently appeared in the *New England Farmer* and which is recommended to be a useful appendage to that indispensable implement, the Plow.

The *New England* thus speaks of it: "Labor-saving implements and machinery are desirable, we believe, on every account; at least, we know not what possible disadvantage is connected with any good labor-saving machine. If they are useful and profitable under our present mode of culture, they will be likely to remain so until superseded by something still more useful and profitable."

Under existing circumstances, where so large a portion of the farm labor of New England is performed by our trans-Atlantic brethren, we want one of two things—machines that will think, so as to perform all this labor in the cheapest and best manner, or some person must put his own machines into thought, and so contrive them as to make them work without thought, when the motive power is applied to them!

The farmer will surely be disappointed, who expects to conduct his affairs successfully with only the heads and hands of these excellent brethren in their way, to whom we have alluded. They have broad shoulders and strong hands, with some impulse and great persistence in labor, but nothing, or little to guide it. They must pass many more years yet in a course of preparation, aided constantly by Yankee teaching and examples of aptitude, before they will become qualified to take the lead in our agricultural operations.

The *Plowman*, introduced at the head of this article, is a machine of the latter description. Hitch it to your motive power, set it in place, and your men, without heads, or at least, heads innocent of much thought, will perform for you a good work. The *Plowman*, like most good contrivances, is a very simple affair—merely a triangle of cast iron, with a wheel at one point. It is attached to the beam of the plow by bolts or screws, and is not easily broken or put out of place. In company with Mr. J. M. Whitney of Bolton, Mass., the inventor, we took it to the field and set it in motion. When once in place, and properly adjusted, it kept on its way untouching by any one, and did work that would credit to the best workman. Its employment will save the labor of one hand, in many instances, and a saving may be made in a single week sufficient to pay for it. Look at it, and if it seems comely to you, test it."

TURTLE STORY.

Mr. Editor:—Seeing in the *Farmer* of the 1st inst., the story of a turtle found by Mr. Moore, induced me to send you mine.

In the summer of 1855, a common small pond turtle came out of a ditch in my meadow, and died; I never saw a turtle before that appeared to die a natural death; and casting my eye on it as I passed, was surprised to find it marked, (we often find the box turtle thus engraved: the oldest of these we have seen, was marked with a number of names, over a period of 28 years.) The mark was A. H. 1820. For 33 years that little turtle had crawled through mud, and sunned itself on logs, and at last, in old age, crept out on a clean meadow to die on his back, that a part of his age might be known. How old he was when marked, no one can tell. The ditch is the last water on the south-east side of the Black water swamp. I have no doubt he was marked on the north-west side, some two miles away, by one of your brothers, Asaph or Allen, probably by Asaph, as he would be just about the age to be playing with turtles.

Kingston, Mass., Sept. 1859.

NOTE. How do you know, friend Bates, that he died of old age? You say he died "on his back." He might have been turned on his back by accident, or by some of the Black-water "urchins," and being unable to turn over, died of starvation.

COOKING TOMATOES.

Mr. A. Mot, a Frenchman publishes the following directions respecting the cooking of tomatoes. We publish the recipe not because it is the best, but for variety's sake. We have always found tomatoes to be good when cooked according to any receipt; and good eating if not cooked at all: "Few people understand how to treat tomatoes. Some eat them raw; others have them slightly boiled with bread (worthless stuff); some take off the skin, and leave the seeds.

Unless you evaporate 75 per cent. of water from the tomato, you will obtain from it nothing but half nutritious porridge, never that delicious, tempting pulp, whose highly developed fragrance renders it so pleasing to the nostril, nice to the taste, sharp to the teeth, and healthy to the stomach.

Take half a peck of ripe, washed tomatoes, cut them open by halves, scratch out the seeds, preserve the skin; have a skillet or any earthenware dish, place it over a brisk fire, with an ounce of butter, and from one half to one pound of sliced fat ham; twenty minutes after, put in the tomatoes, pepper, a little salt; let boil fast for about one hour, diminishing the fire as the water disappears; let it simmer for three hours or more on hot ashes, to the consistency of half liquid, half compact pulp; turning often with a wooden spoon to prevent any sticking at the bottom; cover the skillet when the fire goes down: all is right.

Ring no bell, blow no horn, the boys will be at hand before, snuffing hand, waving their tips. At this stage of proceedings, the prudent housewife will break in some eggs, half an hour before dinner, and then there will be general craving for more."

OUR FARMERS.

Mr. Editor:—We notice a disposition which has existed for some time among some of our farmers, and which we have experienced,—it is the holding on to produce which is ready for market, because the price does not happen to be as much as it was last year, or as much as they expected to get for it, and refusing to sell until the article begins to decline, when they get anxious to sell at the prices that have been offered them; but of course it is then too late, as a dealer is never willing to pay over what the market price may be at the time of making the purchase. By this means, the farmer sometimes holds his crop over until another year, and perhaps sells at the same price, if not less. This is all a mistaken idea, about making money by holding on for higher prices, at least over any reasonable length of time. Let us make a calculation: Suppose the article he holds over is his pork. He has fattened his hogs, and can get eight dollars per hundred pounds for it, but refuses it; he then keeps the hog on expense after killing time, the first winter, if say three months—the hog eating one bushel corn per month, which makes three dollars, at one dollar per bushel. Then the hog has to be fattened for market the next winter. It will take five bushels of corn to do that, which makes five dollars in all, eight dollars' expense. Now suppose the hog weighed 250 lbs. the first year, at \$8.00 that would make \$20.00. The interest on that amount of money would be \$1.68, making in all, \$9.68 expense. Now, if the hog increased in weight one hundred pounds (which would be a large growth for that sized hog), and was sold the second year at the same price; the farmer would be losing, with nothing allowed for trouble, or the hog dying with disease or some other accident.

If the produce be grain, wheat, corn or oats, it makes but little difference what the price is, it will take from ten to twenty cents per bushel, to make the article amount to as much the second year as it would have done the first. Another serious reason against holding produce out of market, is the fact that there are but few farmers who are able to keep their produce on hand and do justice to their creditors; for like men of other business, most, if not all of them, have to go in debt, and by not being prompt in their payments they allow their credit to go down; and their custom is no longer desirable, or sought after; and it may be, that if they can purchase anything on time at all, it is at exorbitant rates, which all goes to show pretty clearly that such a course, besides being unprofitable, is unpleasant and inconvenient.

We have noticed that those farmers who appear to be getting along the best and easiest, are those who go along at their work as if they had nothing to sell at all, until they get ready for market, when they then engage and deliver it, their money, and go home, satisfied with having got as much for their produce as it was worth to the man who bought it. In fact, as a general thing, take the market as soon as the produce is ready for it, nine years out of ten, the price will be as good if not better. It will bring him more money in five years if that plan is adopted, selling every article of produce just as soon as it can be made ready for market. Let one farmer raise just the same amount as his neighbor, who holds out for big prices, and in ten years he would be worth double the other man. Let those who have tried this matter make a calculation and see if it is not so.

Bethel, August 29, 1859.

SUDDEN DEATHS.

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from disease of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, the Doctor says, the experiment has been tried in Europe and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough post mortem examination. In these cases only two were found who died from disease of the heart. Nine out of the sixty-six died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs; that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The Doctor goes on to enumerate the causes that may produce congestion of the lungs. They are: cold feet; tight shoes; tight clothing; costiveness; sitting still until chilled through after being warmed by labor or a rapid walk; going too suddenly from a close heated room into the cold air, especially after speaking; and sudden depressing news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen out valuable lives which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of a heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be incurable, and hence men may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death if they knew it lay in their power.

CAUSE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.

M. de la Rive, the celebrated French astronomer, explains the production of the aurora in the following manner:—When the sun, having passed into the southern hemisphere, no longer heats so much our hemisphere, the aqueous vapors which have accumulated during the summer in this part of the atmosphere begin to condense, the kind of humid cap enveloping the polar regions extends more and more, and facilitates the passage of the electricity accumulated in the upper portions of the air. But in these elevated regions, and especially at this period of the year, the aqueous vapors must frequently pass into the state of minute particles of ice or snow floating in the air, similar to those which give rise to the halos; they form, as it were, a kind of semi-transparent mist. These half-frozen fogs conduct the electricity to the surface of the earth, near the pole, and are at the same time illuminated by the currents or electric discharges. In fact, all observers agree in asserting that the aurora borealis is constantly preceded by a mist, which rises from the pole, and the margins of which, less dense than the remainder, are colored the first; and indeed it is very frequent near the pole in the winter months, and especially in those where there is abundance of vapor in the air.

GOOD COWS.

Too high an estimation can scarcely be put upon a perfect cow.

In attempting to describe her, I shall be guided by my own observation and experience.

The first quality to be attained is a strong physical constitution, and capacity to eat what is offered her at all seasons of the year, and yield the greatest return of good milk for family or dairy purposes, from a given amount of food consumed. Without an appetite, she is worthless, and nearly so, without the faculty of converting her food into a good quality of milk. The latter depends much upon the strength of her constitution to endure our severe climatic changes, and changes of diet, which occur often during the milking season.

Indications of such a constitution are, thick, mellow skin, seemingly loose upon the frame, or bony structure, with hair silky and soft, corresponding with texture of her skin; a bright, projecting eye, indicating vital stamina to search for and obtain requisite food, requiring more or less endurance in all good grazing districts, and depending much upon the mechanical or bony structure, to combine strength and action. Wide, flat bones, short in the lines between joints, broad across the loin and hips; deep body, straight back, length and depth of quarters in proportion to those of the body, are indications of strength and power of locomotion. The loin or small of the back, is the centre of motion in all four-legged animals. It should, therefore, be carefully observed in judging of their strength and power of endurance.

The quality of milk is an essential item in estimating the value of a cow for general use.

Cheese dairymen usually select cows that yield the largest amount of milk, because they depend more upon the quantity of cheese than its quality, and milk is known to make a good yield of cheese that would make but little butter, and poor at that.

But I am not in favor of the rule of selecting cows that yield the most milk per day or season, in arriving at a proper standard of excellence for the best cow. As there is comparatively a small proportion of the cows in the country used for cheese-making, to those used for milk, butter, beef and breeding, I am of the opinion that we should put the highest estimation upon the best qualifications for the most general uses.

The quality of milk a cow will give, is indicated by hair and skin, as first described, and yellow color of the skin inside of the ears and other parts of the animal not thickly covered with hair. I have never known a cow, with soft, fur-like hair and mellow skin, appearing yellow and gummy at the roots of the hair when parted with the hands, and rough dandruff eczema that would not be a good butter cow, and when fattened, would mix tallow well with flesh. Having been accustomed to fatten my cows that failed for dairy purposes, by age or otherwise, for many years, and being on the lookout for causes of known results, I have observed that those known to give good milk, make most thrifty in tallow when fed to fatten. Hence, the conclusion, that cows that handle well in what the butchers call tallow joints, may be judged to give rich milk, the quantity to be judged by a plainly marked design of nature, in her physical structure. As efficiency is a universal characteristic of a milk-giving race, it should be deemed an essential one in the cow.

Instead of "heavy head, horns, neck and shoulders, and comparatively light hind quarters," which is characteristic of the opposite sex, she should show opposite design, by a feminine countenance, light head, neck, shoulders and forearm, widening backward in her chest to the loin and hind-quarters, where the most strength is required.

Large veins leading to the udder, and ample provision in and about it to receive a large flow of milk, are also prominent marks of nature's design. Her feminine marks should not point to weakness in her constitution. It may be taken as a general rule, that the more masculine or male-like her appearance, the less apt is she to be a deep milker.

As the qualities of a perfect cow, for dairy or family use, require thrift and strength of constitution, she will be able to transmit those qualities to her offspring, and is, therefore, a good breeder.

The disposition and mechanical structure of the cow, for convenient use in milking, are also prominent items in her account of superior excellence. Her limbs should not be so short, nor her bag and teats so long, as to be liable to drag against her feet in traveling, or be stepped on in rising from a lying posture, or mop up the filth of the stable, or require an uncomfortable attitude in the milker.

A perfect udder, and willingness to be milked and handled in various ways—standing up from the ground high enough to keep a well spread set of medium sized teats, clean, sound and easy of access—with soft, mellow, copper-colored teats, milking easy, and not liable to chafe, land, or light udder after being milked, are all essential traits in the character of a perfect cow. As the last estimate value of the cow is with the butcher, her aptitude to fatten and turn out well after being no longer profitable for milk, is to be taken into her credit account. A. L. FISH.

Dairymen's Record, Little Falls, N. Y.

VEGETABLE LEATHER.

The *London Mechanics' Magazine* states that there are very extensive works at Steppney Green, London, in which great quantities of artificial leather are manufactured. In appearance, it resembles common leather; and it is only by a very close scrutiny that the distinction between the two can be detected. It is manufactured in webs fifty yards in length, and four and one-half feet in breadth, and is now much used for book-binding, and several other purposes for which tanned calf and sheep-skin are employed. It is also used by saddlers for making harnesses, and may be made of any thickness desirable, and is capable of being cemented. India rubber is the principal substance of its composition, but there are other ingredients mixed with it, whereby its leather qualities are secured. The method of making it is not given, and it appears that this is kept secret; but that such a substance is now manufactured, sold and used, in large quantities, is a fact of too great importance to be overlooked.

THE OAK'S DEATH.

The Death King came from the land of shade,
And entered the forest's deepest glade;
For the grim Death King doth always know
When a spirit is ready and long to go!
Not a breeze blew over the woods that day,
The streams and the brooks forgot to play,
Not a deer could bound, not a bird could sing,
And lo! when the hurricane west past.

The Violet from the moss looked up,
A tear gleamed in her azure cup;
She thought how fragile a thing was she,
When Death could conquer that giant tree.
A Johnny jumper grew up her side;
They by their mothers were close allied,
And a grieving sympathy banded the two
Together in union lasting and true.

Oh, ye who love for the hour of joy,
Trust not the love with a base alloy,
At clinging to the love that comes with grief,
And find, in loving, a sweet relief;
Walk fearless on, through the vale of years,
And thank your God for the house of tears.
That freed your souls from their selfish rust,
And taught them a purer, holier trust.
Sighed, rustled, and quivered from foot to crown,
Against the Elm whose drooping boughs,
Too plainly told of a grieving heart;
Both yielded to sorrow's magic art;
First and foremost the black-oak stood,
Too stern to yield to the mauling mood,
In gloomy silence, with tearful eyes,
For his father's cousin, the Hickory:
The Birch and the Elm stood arm in arm,
While the trembling Poplar, in wild alarm,
Sighed, rustled, and quivered from foot to crown,
'Neath that ancient maiden's, the Ironwood's, frown;
Who thought her, a foolish, nervous thing,
Would tremble and faint at a butterfly's wing:
The Ash and the Maple, estranged until now,
Each made to the other a dignified bow;
Larch, Cedar and Hemlock, Spruce, Balsam and Pine,
Beech, Birch and Dogwood, with many a vine,
In short, every plant, of field, meadow or wood,
Bowed, bowed or prostrated, or trembling stood;
Each watched with emotion to catch the last breath,
Dr. Pius felt his pulse, and then said, "It is death."

Good Parson Spruce called the people to prayer,
Full solemn and earnest it rose on the air;
He prayed that the spirit now passed from their view,
Which here had been over so constant and true,
Might be clothed in a garment of sun's fading green,
And planted by a waters of silver sheen;
That the loss of the relatives, far and wide,
To each and all might be sanctified:
That all might feel how frail were they,
That none the strongest might pass away;
That dust to dust is the final stroke,
Of the Elm and Pine, as well as the Oak.
At the gloomy thought of part and shroud,
Since the young Oak stood by his mother's knee;
Brothers and Sisters, long since have died,
And now the last of the land is hid;
His voice was choked by his feelings then,
He ceased, and the Maple said "Amen."

And now was the fearful silence broke
By the stifled groans of many an Oak;
A chilling, welter, tearful cry,
Of hearts in their desolate agony;
Oh, never was human woe so deep!
Oh, never did mortal eyes so deep!
At the gloomy thought of part and shroud,
Even the black-oak wept aloud:
The humble Elm, to his feet down heigh,
And tender her modest sympathy;
She offered to bear the royal casket
Of his Forest Majesty passed away!
She robed his limbs with pious care,
And twined his brow with a garland rare;
She sat in working her silent way,
Through weeks and months have passed away,
And still the sound of bee and bird,
In dirge like strains are at even heard;
At the gloom the breezes o'er him sweep,
And still do the young Oaks wail and weep,
And the widow Oak, in her vain regret,
Is wasting unthought and unheeded yet;
But when the grave shall be complete,
And the funeral veil, and the winding sheet,
Then Parson Spruce shall a solemn preach,
Which much of wisdom and grace shall teach,
While we in humble, prayerful trust,
Cry, "Spirit to spirit and dust to dust."

LADIES' RIDING DRESSES.

Judging from the almost universal tenor of the published premium lists for the fall exhibitions, we are forced to conclude that the fashion of Ladies' Riding Dress is in no wise becoming obsolete. It is not so much that we desire to speak of now, as the subject of Ladies' Riding Dresses for any occasions, though we do expect to mix in with a few good gallops during these two months, just to keep our hand in with the horses and the women, after so long a season of total abstinence.

To begin at the top, the present style of round brimmed straw or beaver Spanish hats, (not wide brimmed hats, so fashionable for young ladies) traveling head gear, is an admirable riding hat. It would be best to leave off the lace and head trim, usually worn, as this might dash about the eyes and obstruct the sight in case of a flurry. Plumes could be added with charming effect. Dress the hair low back, and if gathered in a net, according to the present style, so much the better. It is always annoying to have the hair get loose and go flying about while on a lively ride, unless it is dressed on purpose to float at will.

The underclothes have very much to do with the grace and ease of a riding costume. Hoops and all other devices for making the dress stand out, must be positively dispensed with, also, all starched goods, either for underskirts or outside habit. It does not alarm us nor shock us to see the flutter of a white petticoat or an embroidered skirt, but when such things make a show on the field, it is a sure sign that the lady is not dressed right. A sleeveless chemise of light flannel stuff, a single short petticoat of the same, trousers to match the outside habit, rather full and gathered at the ankle in an elastic band, and buttoned at the side about the waist, is a bill of underclothes that sit well and tell no tales, while the horse is showing his best paces. Gaiters or moccasin boots with heels, and long stockings of course will complete the foot gear.

The habit may be of soft cloth, merino or velvet, according to the taste and convenience of the wearer, but never of any stiff or starched material that will flap about and float up to expose the undergarments. Besides all grace is marred by the action of a habit that will balloon about, and fill and flap like a foresail. Let the habit come well up and plain about the throat, the sleeves close at the wrist, the skirt not more than half a yard longer than a walking dress, and if for riding along on a low horse, one-third of a yard extra is long enough. It is neither safe nor elegant to see an over long skirt flapping about the horse's legs, or dragging up dirt or mud. The jacket must be made separate from the skirt if desired, but where the habit is made whole, there is less danger of its getting out of fix, and when once buttoned up in front, the lady may feel safe that she is dressed, and not likely to be surprised by having her garments parting company just at a time when she needs her hands to take care of her horse.

A few bars and buttons upon the bosom of the jacket, a narrow lace or linen collar, and a list down the side of the skirt, are about all that are desirable in the way of further ornament.—*Ohio Cultivator*.

TOP DRESSING GRASS AND GRAIN CROPS.

No practice is more common than the neglect of proper top-dressing for grass and grain crops during late summer and fall. The aftermath may be materially increased by a top-dressing in time during September. This acting as a mulch upon the grass before when not depastured, secures an early spring start, and consequently a heavier crop of grass. We have known many instances where the top dressing in fall and in early spring of two or three dollars worth of fertilizing material to the acre, has made a difference of one ton per acre in the amount of grass. In a climate like ours, and all north of us, the importance of a mulch is greater than is supposed by many. This may be seen readily; lay pieces of plank on the grass

Terpsichorean Exhibition. | To Tanners and Manufacturers.

AT MEONIAN HALL.


THRU TWO through train to Augusta and Boston daily! Spring and Summer Arrangements. On and after Monday, April 8, 1906, trains as follows: **Worcester** and Lowell at 11:15 A. M. Augusta for Bath, Brunswick, Yarmouth, etc., 12:15 A. M. Bath for Brunswick, Brunswick for Augusta at 1:00 P. M. Bath, Brunswick, Augusta and Lowell at 12:45 P. M. Augusta for Brunswick and Gloucester, 1:15 P. M. Brunswick for Augusta and Lowell at 1:45 P. M. The 1:15 train connects at Bath with the Boston & Gloucester trains, taking their passengers to New Bedford, Fall River, Buzzards Bay, and other points on Buzzards Bay. The 1:45 train connects with the Boston & Lowell train in Boston to connect with the 2 P. M. train to Boston.

Stage Coaches. One—Stages leave Bath at 9:00 A. M. and 3:00 P. M. Wiscasset, Denmark, Watkinson, etc., Warren, Thomaston and Rockland. Leave Bath daily at 3:00 P. M. Wiscasset, Phippsburg, Parker's Island and Small Point. One—Stages leave Augusta daily for Bath and Watkinson, etc., at 10:00 A. M. and 3:00 P. M.

B. B. CUSHMAN.

Manager and Superintendent of the B. & A. R. R.

HANNIBAL AND ST. JOSEPH RAIL ROAD.
Only Road Open to the Missouri
River.

 *Cheapest Route to Kansas, Nebraska, and the Gold Mines.*

Four days time saved over the route by the Missouri River.

Close connections made with all Eastern roads.

Time first from St. Joseph to California.

Through Tickets can be had at all the principal offices of the United States and Canada.

Miners will find at St. Joseph, teams and outfits cheaper than they can be obtained elsewhere.

This has always been the great route for California Emigrants, and is undoubtedly the best route to the Gold Mines.

JOSHUA HUNTS, Supt.

HAWAIIAN, May 1, 1889. 501212

HAWAIIAN, May 1, 1889.
 The new and fast Steamer
EASTERN QUEEN,
 JAMES COLLINS, Master,
 WILL run between Honolulu and Boston the coming season,
 leaving Honolulu, every Wednesday, until further notice;
 every Monday and Thursday, at 1:45; Gardiner at 8; Rich-
 ardson at 8 and South at 9 o'clock, P. M.
 Returning, will leave Fort Worth, Boston, every
 Tuesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock, P. M.
 Agents, C. C. FULMER, Honolulu. FAREBROT & BRAD-



J. T. K. HAYWARD, Gen. Agt.
 P. B. GIMAR, Treas.
 JOHN AYER, Bro. Agt.

BURY, Augusta.
All persons interested against trusting any one on account
of the steamer Eastern Queen.
Hallowell, April 4, 1899

16

PORTLAND AND BOSTON:
The Fast and Favorite Steamer
T. F. BECOB,
CHAS. H. DEARB, Master.

WILL leave Augusta for Portland (which further notice) on
Mon. Frig., Wednesday, May 17, at 9 o'clock; Sat-
urday, May 20, at 9 o'clock; Sunday, at 10; Richmond - at 11; and Bath at
12; and arriving at Portland in season for
the coast and Boston Trips, giving passengers a hour's time in
the city.

[illegible][illegible]

be had at
as, or will

CAPL.

FROM.

has located

AT

DOLLIVER & DAVIS',

1 S the place to invest your money for
CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS.
The 7 are constantly receiving from the Best Importing House.
In Boston the latest and most approved style of Braze Goods,
which they can transfer to you at a small profit.

2 S the place to get your clothing and
furnishings at a price, and for ease and beauty, and style of finish
not to be surpassed in this vicinity. They have seen that far
more than 20 years ago, and they have been so liberal
generally patronized by the public, and as they will spare no
expense upon giving satisfaction, and as they only have no
reason to "wound your flesh" to merit, and as they have
been so long in the business, and as they have been so long
of the patronage with which they have been so long
and call.

Augusta, May, 1853.

POLLYER & SONS

25

Vinegar! Vinegar!
PURE Cider Vinegar, at wholesale and retail, also, a good assortment of **W. I. Dishes and Groceries**, **Bread**, of all kinds, **Fruit**, **Candymen's**, **State** of all kinds, **Cheese**, **Butter**, &c., &c.
FANCY GOODS.
A large assortment of **Fancy Goods** and **Toys** of all kinds.—**Fancy Baskets**, **Work Baskets**, **Knives**, **Knazars**, **Scissors**, &c., &c.
FISHING TACKLE.
A large variety of **Fishing Tackle**: **Lines**, **Baskets**, **Hooks**, &c., &c.

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SMITH.
3-37*
To be found in city, together with a full assortment of French
Flannels, Crapes, Ribbons, Laces, Straw Goods, &c., &c.
Miss HOWE, Superintendent of our Millinery Department,
solicits an early visit from her friends.
COUNTRY MILLINERS Supplied at low rates.
Bleaching and pressing done at short notice.
If a new entrance has been opened from the street, for access
to the Millinery department. 19 W. JOSEPH & CO.
Large and Splendid Stock of

DURY.
37

NEW STYLE SPRING GOODS!
JUST RECEIVED, AT
BOSWORTH'S!

CONSISTING of Fine German BROADCLOTHS, DOESKINS
and SILK VESTINGS, for nice suits.

Also, a large assortment of Silk Mixtures, light and fancy
Cassimers for Spring Overcoats and Business Tails, which will
be cut and made to order in the best style at very low prices.

Please give me a call.
R. T. BOSWORTH.

Augusta, April 25, 1850. 19

A Very Important Invention.
BEE-KEEPERS ATTENTION!

THE Maine State Bee Hive will protect your Bees in winter.
It is a cheaply constructed hive, can be made by any common joiner (or any one else who can make a common square box,) and will winter your bees if properly managed.

Not untarred
tariffes, fix
sues, (Quinn,
sale or retail
THUR.

plaints, and Surgical operations. Persons afflicted with Cancer will do well to apply to him, as he has had unparalleled success in the treatment of this fearful disease. Residence, Getchell's Corner; Post office address, Vassalboro'. 12f

SUPERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS.
S. W. SAWYER, Having fitted up one of the

ARGENT is an best Photographic Galleries in the State, in
Mr. Downing's Buildings, just opposite the Depot, in Win-
chester, Me., and engages the services of Mr. H. K. Lassac, from
Boston, who has had several years experience in the art of en-
graving Photographs in Oil, India Ink, and water colors, and is
considered one of our best en- gravers in the country.
Mr. A. is prepared to make Photographic Portraits, of any size,
and finished in the above mentioned colors, and also to

Duplicates (types, Ambrotypes, or other photographs, and enlarged to any size, and finished as above. 8944-47 8944-47
Photographic Landscapes taken to order. Ambrotypes at usual prices. Lessons given in the art if desired. 87-4

CHARLES MORSE, M. D.
Residence 168 Congress St. Portland, Me.

(REMOVED FROM 205.)

Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Chronic Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, treated by Cold Medication, Inhalation.

Dr. Morse has devoted all of his time and attention to treating this class of diseases, with unprecedented success for the last five years in New York and Boston, and about two years in Portland, where he now resides; he treated a large number of

cast, in and about the vicinity of Waterville with great success, which has caused the people of that town to strongly solicit him to make a few visits to that place, professions, which he has consented to do, as follows:—To be at the Williams Home, Waterville, all day Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 21st and 22d; Oct. 8th and 9th; Nov. 21 and 22; Nov. 30th and Dec. 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th.

For the kindness and beautiful efforts and success of his

Street,
wifery, and
194
Boston Work.

FARMERS' and Wholesale Dealers, Call and see JOHN W. HANSON'S New Stock of Polished Flowers and Cultivators' Factory, North End Derrings Bridge, Portland, Me. 2015

PH & CO.
LADIES' CO. RUBBER BOOTS with heels, for \$1.25.
Remember the place—F. E. SAGEH, Water Street, 3 Doors
South of Bridge Street.

THOMAS S. BARTLETT,
(SUCCESSOR TO HEDGES & BARTLETT.)
WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND OPTICIAN.

WHOLESALE GROCER,
AND DEALER IN
PORK, FISH, LARD AND OIL,
No. 3 SMITH BLOCK,
1755
AUGUSTA, ME.
HUNT & LOCKE.

Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, LEATHER,
SHOE TOOLS, LASTS AND FINDINGS,
No. 3 Phenix Building,
Two doors South of Post Office,

of all grades,
SE & CO. 23

WILLIAM B. CURRY,
ARTHUR D. LOCKE. 24

AUGUSTA, Me.

A. STONE & CO'S

Screw Top Glass Preserving Jars.

NEW article for the preservation of Fruit and vegetables.

For sale by
T. C. NOBLE,
Grocer,
25.

GE & CO. Smith W. B. Smith, Manager

The Muse.

OCTOBER TO MAY.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The day that brightens all the earth
Is night to half. Ah, sweet!
One's morning is another's night—
You wear your bright years like a crown—
While mine, dead garlands, tangle down
In chains about my feet.

The breeze which wakes the folded flower
Sweeps dead leaves from the tree—
So partial Time, as hour by hour
He tells the rapid years—when I
Bring bloom and beauty still to you,
But leaves his blight with me.

The rain which calls the violet up
Of the moistened mud,
Shatters the wind-dropper's fragile cup—
For even Nature has her pets,
And, favoring the new, forgets
To love and spare the old.

The shower which makes the bud a rose,
Beats of the little bloom,
I am a little—so like you,
A little that has cultivated May—
You are a bluish-rose. Welladay!
I pass, and give you room!

—Atlantic Monthly for September.

The Story Teller.

MRS. WALKER'S BETSY.

BY MRS. E. L. BOWEN.

It is now nearly ten years since I became

a summer "fixt" in the little village of Cliff

Spring, as teacher in its largest public school.

The village itself was devoid of the smallest

pretension to beauty, natural or architectural, being

the sudden upgrowth of prosperous speculation,

and at the time was reeking in its newness of

factory chimneys and curiously flagged streets.

But all its surroundings were romantic and lovely

in the extreme. Skirting one side was a winding

river, bordered with beautiful willows, and on the

other a high hill, thickly wooded, and in many

places craggy and precipitous. These woods, in

spring and summer, were full of flowers and wild

violets; and a clear, cold stream, that had its birth

in a cavernous recess among the ledges, dashed

over the rocks, and, after many wonderful bends

and plunges, found its way to the river. At the

foot of the hill wound the railroad track; at some

points, nearly lifting the space between the brook

and the rocks; at others, almost overhanging by

the latter. Some of the most delightful walks I ever

knew were in this vicinity, and here the whole

world would often resort in the warm weather

for a Saturday's ramble.

It was upon one of these summer rambles that

I first made the acquaintance of Mrs. Walker's

Betsy. Not that her unenviable name and

reputation had been concealed from my knowledge

heretofore, for almost from my first introduction

to that place, a stream of obloquy, touching that

unlucky personage, had been poured in my ears,

tilt her name seemed a synonym for everything

evil. It was the one subject upon which church-

es, and sewing societies, and neighborhood diques,

were now divided; upon which gossipers were

harmonious, and quiet people garrulous. But as

a very irregular attendant of any class, she had

never personally fallen under my observation.

I gathered that her parents had but lately

come to live in Cliff-Spring, that they were both

ignorant and vicious, and that the girl who, after

all, was only Mrs. Walker's by a former mar-

riage, was an ardent compound of mischief and

malice—a sort of goblin spirit, with such

propensities to diabolism as had never been known

since the era of witchcraft.

In school, her reputation was worst of all.

Was an ink blot found in the principal's

hat, or a green pumpkin upset in the water bucket;

did a teacher, upon putting on her bonnet, find

a nest of young mice suddenly dropping over her

neck and shoulders, her shawl either bordered

with ill-scented weed, or her India rubbers con-

tinually nailed to the floor—half a hundred juve-

nile tongues were ready to proclaim Mrs. Wal-

ker's Betsy as the undoubted delinquent; and this,

despite the fact that very few of these misdeeds

were ever so proven upon her. But whether

proved or not, she was the object of their scorn

and their laughter, and of their scornful ac-

knowledgment, as her mood might be. That the girl

was a character in her way, shrewd and sensible,

wholly uncolored, I was well satisfied from all I

heard; that she was sly, sordid and malicious,

I believed, I am ashamed to say, upon very insuffi-

cient evidence.

"Where can my parcel have gone?" I said as

school closed on sultry July day, and I looked

from the ante-room, shrinking from an unbeli-

evated walk in the fierce heat. I was sure I had

not carried it from home in the morning, and

supposed it had been left in the school house over

night. The girls of my class constituted them-

selves a committee of search and inquiry, but to

no purpose. The article was not in the house or

yard; and then my committee changed themselves

to a jury, and, without a dissenting word, pronoun-

ced Mrs. Walker's Betsy guilty of "cribbing,"

my poor little easelcase. She had been seen loit-

ering in the ante-room, and afterward running

away in great haste. The charge seemed reason-

ably enough, but as I could not learn that Betsy

had ever been convicted of a theft, though contin-

ually suspected, I requested the girls to keep

the matter quiet for a few days at least, to which

they unwillingly consented.

That evening I had promised to conduct my

class to a place in the woods, where on the day

previous I had found some beautiful specimens of

phlox, on which we were to call botanica in equi-

libation. When the sun was low in the west, we

set forth, walking nearly the whole distance in

the shadow of the hill. We climbed the ridge,

reached a moment, and then started in search of

the splendid patch of purple blossoms I had ac-

cidentally found in taking a short cut over the

hill to the house of a friend I was to visit.

"Stop, Miss Burke," came in suppressed tones

from half my little troop, as emerging from a

thicket, we came in sight of a queer object, per-

ched upon a little mound, among dead sticks

and leaves. It was a diminutive child, who, judg-

ing from her face, and not her size, might be

eight or twelve years of age. A little, brown,

wild face it was, with keen eyes lightening out

from a mass of stringy black hair, that wandered

disorderly from the confinements of an old comb.

"There's Mrs. Walker's Betsy, I do declare!"

THE MAINE FARMER: AN

"No," I said, "I wish to speak with her alone
first. All of you stay here out of sight, and I
will return presently." They fell back dismis-

satisfied, and contented themselves with peeping
and listening. While I advanced toward the forlorn
child, determined to win her confidence so far as to
persuade her of my friendly intentions toward her,

before referring to the wrong she had done me.

She started a little as I approached, thrust the

parcel behind her, then pleasantly moved round

for me on the little hillock where she sat.

"Well, this is a nice lounge," I said dropping

down beside her; "just large enough for two, and

softer than any *luxe-tite* in Mrs. Graham's par-

lor. Now, little girl, I should like to know your

name," for I thought it best to feign ignorance of

her antecedents.

"Betsy!" was the ready reply.

"Betsy what?"

"Betsy Walker, mother says, but I say Arnold.

That was my father's name. 'Taint no difference,

though. It's Betsy, any way."

"Well, Betsy, what do you suppose made this

little mound we are sitting upon?" I asked,

merely to gain time.

"I never heard," she answered, looking up cu-

riously in my face. "Maybe a rock got covered

up and grew over, or ever so far down. Maybe

an Injun's buried up there."

I told her I had seen larger mounds that con-

tained Indian remains, but none so small as this.

"It might be a baby, though," she returned,

digging her brown toes among the leaves, and

winking her eyelids roguishly. "A papoose, you

know, real little Injun! I wish it had been me,

and I'd be buried here, I'd like it first

rate! Only I wouldn't want the girls should

come and set over me."

"Why do you talk so? What makes you wish

yourself buried here?" I said.

"Cause I'm dead!" she said to be a dead Injun

than a live nigger," she answered, resolutely.

"You're not quite so dark-skinned as that," I

said, with considerable gravity.

She burst into a pleasant and musical laugh.

"I wasn't thinking of my skin, and you know it.

My mother and old Walker make a nigger of me,

and send me to get drink for 'em, when I'd rather

get 'em pizen. The old man drinks, and mother,

she's learning, and I expect to take it to my

limb. The school girls treat me worse than a

nigger, too. I didn't want so bad to get to

read the books father left I'd never go to school

another day. I wouldn't do it!" And her brow

darkened again with evil emotions.

"Did your own father leave you books?"

"Yes, real good ones. Only they're old and

turn some. Mother couldn't sell 'em for nothin';

so she let me keep 'em. She sold everything

else." Then suddenly changing her tone, she

said, slyly:

"You ain't lost anything, have you?"

"Yes," I answered. "I see you have my sun-

shade."

She held it up, laughing with boisterous tri-

umph. "You left it hanging in that tree yon-

der," she said, pointing to a low-branched tree

at a little distance. "It was kind of careless,

too. Spoken it had rained."

Astonishment kept me silent. How could I

have forgotten what I now so clearly recalled—

hanging the shade upon a tree, the previous after-

noon, while I descended a ravine for flowers. I

felt humiliated in the presence of the poor little

neglected and respected child.

"Well, Betsy, I was certainly dreadfully care-

less, and am greatly obliged to you for taking

care of lost property. Now I must go with my

class, who are waiting for me over yonder. So

only a word more, this time, but I will see you

again soon. Don't go to school, and try

hard to learn. Don't notice what the girls say,

but act right, and make them ashamed to

plague you. Next term, if you study hard, you

will get into my department, and we will see

then if those books can't be mastered very soon.

At home, be patient and gentle to your parents,

and never, never taste that wretched drink!

Good-by."

"Good-by." Her eyelids were winking again,

but not this time with mischief. She tossed on

her ragged bonnet, and, before I had rejoined my

ambushed class, was out of sight. Forlorn and

friendless little waif, how my heart ached for

her!

I found the ambushed class considerably elon-

gated, and much more serious than I had left

them, for they had heard every word that passed,

and were measurably ashamed of their unjust sus-

picious. But I do not think they felt any more

kindly towards Mrs. Walker's Betsy than before.

For several days after this, the girl did not

come to school at all, nor did I once see her,

though I thought of her daily with much anxiety.

During this time, the principal of the school

planned an excursion, by railroad, to a station

ten miles distant, to be succeeded by a picnic on

the lake shore. Great was the delight of the lit-

tle ones, grown weary of the unvaried routine

through the exhausting heat of July. Many were

the council called by the boys, many were the

enthusiastic discussions held among the girls, and

and, indeed, did they break up without leaving

one or more subjects of controversy unsettled.

In these differences, the teachers wisely inter-

posed as little as possible, and they were generally

amicably adjusted. The party who wished blue

was to the uniform dress yielded to the majority,

who preferred white; the portion who voted for

warm refreshments were soon reasoned into hold-

ing their hands for cold; and the few who de-

sired a "speech" from some noted orator, recon-

sidered the matter, and decided that it would un-

doubtedly be "tedious." But upon one point,

the most perfect harmony prevailed; and it was

the solitary one against which I felt bound strong-

ly to protest. This was their decision that Mrs.

Walker's Betsy was quite unnecessary to the com-

pliment of the party, and was consequently to re-

ceive no invitation.

"Miss Burke," came in suppressed tones

from half my little troop, as emerging from a

thicket, we came in sight of a queer object, per-

ched upon a little mound, among dead sticks

and leaves. It was a diminutive child, who, judg-

ing from her face, and not her size, might be

eight or twelve years of age. A little, brown,

wild face it was, with keen eyes lightening out

from a mass of stringy black hair, that wandered

disorderly from the confinements of an old comb.

"There's Mrs. Walker's Betsy, I do declare!"

whispered Matty Holbrook, and she goes home

from school this way, and now she is playing

truant. She'll get a whipping, if her mother finds

it out."

"Miss Burke," interposed another, in an ener-

getic whisper, "see what she has in her hand!"

I looked, and there, to be sure, was my lost pa-

ral. "There, didn't you say so?" "Don't she

look guilty?" "Impudent baggage!" were the

low ejaculations of my indignant vigilance com-

mittee; but in truth the girl's appearance was

unconcerned and innocent enough. She sat

away herself about, opening and shutting the

wonderful instrument, holding it between her eyes

and the light, to ascertain the quality of the silk,

and sticking a pin in the handle, to try if it were

ivory, or painted wood.

"Let's dash upon her, and see her scamper!"

was the most benevolent suggestion whispered

in my ear.

As they were about to start, I saw that

the girl was looking at me with a look of

astonishment, and I saw that she was

looking at me with a look of

astonishment, and I saw that she was

looking at me with a look of

astonishment, and I saw that she was